



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

DEATH

By D. T. PRAIGG

Oh, Death! thou long maligned and dreaded foe
Of that inherent spark which comes unsought,
But unto which we cling as though it were
Of priceless worth, I come to thee with meed
Of praise too long delayed, for thou hast been,
Of all the friends of man, the truest, best,
And steadfast most in loyalty and love;
And hast evinced from him a sympathy
Which thy detractors, lost in blind conceit,
And dreading change from fickle light of Day
To cloudless Night, can ne'er appreciate,
Nor plaudit give for duty well performed.

Thou dost come to man when others from him
Turn away, and he becomes an outcast
On the paths of earth, shunned, reviled, abused
By all his fellows, and afflicted sore
By heavy hand which Time upon him lays;
And thou dost give to him the gentle boon
Of rare forgetfulness of worldly griefs,
Op'ning wide to him the regal chamber
Of honored guest, where blest Oblivion
Close draws the curtains of her silence oe'r
The din of conflict in a world of strife,
And gives to tired life her sweet repose.

Thou art the loyal friend, oft tried, of strength,
The enemy of weakness, self-approved,
Yet thou dost come unto the old, infirm,
And long despairing with reward of rest,
And lead them far away from earthly paths
On which they tread with falt'ring step and are
A burden to themselves and earth and time;
And for this sad estate dost give to them
Thy blest eternity of voiceless Calm.
And taking thus the debris from the paths,
Which Time doth litter with the wrecks of men,
Thou givest Youth an unobstructed course
On missions that unveil the New and make
The roads of earthly progress bud and bloom
With fragrance and with beauty unexcelled.

Thine is the heritage of blissful Calm,
In which the Present reigns supreme, undimmed
By clouds that lower o'er the buried Past
And from misgivings of the Future free,
In an abode where Hope's illusions cease
To beckon on to dull Despair, and Time,
Of pow'r despoiled, incites no more to aim
Whose inspiration is its earthly tomb.
Thus, then, to pay thee tribute and declare
The regal worth of thy decree, I come,
And on thy paths I strew the bloom of earth
And crown thee Mercy's noblest gift to man.